

**FLOWERS IN THE DEBRIS: THE STRUGGLE OF MARGINALIZED WOMEN**

**FINAL CREATIVE WRITING PROJECT**

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirement of the Degree of

Sarjana Sastra



Putri Amanda Pramudita

392014063

**FACULTY OF LANGUAGE AND ARTS**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE DEPARTMENT**

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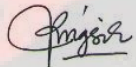
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392014063

Approved by

  
Suzana Maria L.A. Fajarini, M.Hum.  
Supervisor



  
Ervin Suryaningsih, M.Hum.  
Examiner



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NIM : 392019063 Email : unapramudita@gmail.com  
Fakultas : BAHASA DAN SENI Program Studi : SASTRA INGGRIS  
Judul tugas akhir : FLOWERS IN THE DEBRIS

Pembimbing : 1. SUZANA MARIA L.A. FATARINI, M.HUM.  
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NIM : 392014063 Email : unapramudita@gmail.com  
Fakultas : BAHASA DAN SENI Program Studi : SASTRA INDOIS  
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## SUMMARY OF THE STORY

Ajeng is a little girl who suffers from depression because of demolition tragedy. One day, Iris approaches her because of her oddity but Ajeng behaves badly. They get to know each other after Iris persuades Ajeng laboriously. Iris meets Ipeh, Ajeng's neighbor, who tells about her miserable past. Step by step the story reveals the background reasons why Ajeng act weirdly. Ajeng and her family is one of the demolition victims that his father's company did years ago. Ajeng's father was died because of heart attack in the demolition day. Since the incident happened, her mother becomes a prostitute to give Ajeng the best life. Her jobs makes Siti often got thrown a mockery, her asthma relapses even her boyfriend, Denis, does a sexual abuse to Ajeng. That incident pushes Iris to cure Ajeng's psychological state, and Siti Khalisa starts to live a new way of life.



## Flowers in the Debris

It was a busy afternoon before the sun set in the west. The park was crowded. Couples were sitting close one to another, talked in a low voice that was so intimate. Families hold a picnic on a grass under shady trees. The children rejoiced at the swings throwing themselves on the sand. Glace big smiles came out from the innocent faces. Warm, just like the sun warmed the earth that afternoon without blinking. However, something contradicted to the situation there. It was a little girl who sat quietly on the shoulder of the fountain with her chin on her two knees. Sabby shirt and uncombed messy hair. She did not even care about the crowded in her surrounding, she looked like cloistering herself. She stared at nothing but straight across the river. Even a leaf fell on her hair, she still sat motionless in her position.

“Ajeng! Ajeng!” A shouted from a group of children was trying to call their friend.

The rippling sound of the fountain in the central of the park soothed the atmosphere there. The freshness broke the concentration of air pollution from vehicles that was certainly dense through the region. A softness of the wind stroked everyone’s skin. The leaves of the trees rustled.

“Don’t mind her. She is mad,” one of the children said.

“Ya. My mom told me not to play with her,” another child added.

A young woman standing around fifty meters from the little girl came over. She leaded to that girl who didn’t care while her friends called her. She stepped closer. Her eyes hinted friendliness. She smoothed her skirt and put the bag in her lap. Then, she sat right beside her.

“Hello. You must be Ajeng, right? I hear your friends calling you several times,” said the young woman.

The words were left in the air without any reply. Ajeng’s expression was empty.

“I’m Iris. Emm... Why are you alone?” asked the young woman who named herself Iris.

Still no answer. Ajeng did not even blink from her gaze at all. She looked still at the river over there.

"Other children are playing there and don't you...?" Iris tapped Ajeng’s shoulder.

Suddenly the girl called Ajeng stood up.

“*Pelacur!*<sup>1</sup>” Then, she ran away.

Iris was shocked and could not say anything. Ajeng disappeared.

\*\*

Several days after, Ajeng was still doing the same thing in the same place. It was like there was a magnet that pulled her there. Ajeng was cleaner than before but her hair was wet untidy.

“I think you may like it,” a hand with bracelet was offered.

Quickly Ajeng grabbed the bread. Without saying thank you, she opened the package and ate it. Yet, Ajeng did not know who gave her the bread. It was the familiar face. Iris found Ajeng again in the park.

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<sup>1</sup> *Pelacur* means prostitute.

Iris seemed getting more curious with Ajeng. She wondered why she yelled *pelacur* to her at that time and now she showed such an abnormal behavior. Ajeng was like experiencing emotional obstacles. Iris tried to dig deeper by making conversations with her.

“You often go here? This is our second meeting in this park,” Iris opened the conversation.

“There used to be my house.” Her index finger pointed across the river which was now just a river bank, no buildings and life.

“*Bapak*.” Then, she was crying. The bread that had been split in two was left scattered on the ground. Iris wondered why Ajeng suddenly mentioned her father.

Several pairs of eyes stared at that modern girl cynically. Their eyes looked as if Iris was the one to blame for causing Ajeng cried. She felt uncomfortable.

“What’s wrong? You can tell me,” said Iris slowly stroking her back.

“Who are you?” For the first time, Ajeng directed her head towards Iris.

“Do you still remember me? I’m Iris. We can be friends.”

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After having a little conversation for a while, Ajeng told Iris where she lived. Her place was about 10 minutes from the park.

In that late afternoon, Ajeng was taken home by Iris to her house which was the high-rise building and crowded occupants. From the moment they got off the *bajaj*<sup>2</sup>, that was where she knew if Ajeng lived in *rusunawa*<sup>3</sup>.

---

<sup>2</sup> *Bajaj* is a typical transportation in Jakarta.

The roar of the children along the alley was followed by the noise of the scooter wheels rubbing against the floor. A whisper of mothers clustered on the floor under the stairs which they could not hear their conversation. Crush and crowded. From a television in a room, it was heard *dangdut*<sup>4</sup> music which was loud enough to penetrate out. The sound of their cutting board stopped as they passed door to door. Such an unusual person mingled in that area. Those curious eyes were on her. It was a look of wondering how Ajeng could come with Iris.

“Ajeng, who is she?” One of a mother asked.

“Your mother told you, right?” Those words came along with a laughter.

Ajeng turned her head to look at them. Her mouth was numb.

“*Permisi*<sup>5</sup>...” With the body slightly bent Iris passed the crowd.

They ignored them and keep walking to find Ajeng’s compartment. They stopped at a door at the corner, and what was found was a square space without any barriers. Iris walked with a little bow and hugged her books tightly towards the mattress that the lather had appeared out of the wrapper in the corner of the room. Her round dark brown eyes swept around the room. There was only one multifunction space for them to eat, sleep, or watching television.

“*Neng*<sup>6</sup>, who are you?” A middle-aged woman suddenly barged in the door after knowing Ajeng taking a new person to her compartment.

“I got her in the park and I’m taking her home,” Iris tried to explain.

---

<sup>3</sup> *Rusunawa* is a rental modest compartment that is facilitated by the government for victims of demolition, especially in big cities.

<sup>4</sup> *Dangdut* music is a typical Indonesian music which is a combination of Malay and Indian music.

<sup>5</sup> *Permisi* stands for excuse me.

<sup>6</sup> *Neng* is a call for a girl.

“Poor her! Since her father died, she became *ndableg*<sup>7</sup> and doesn’t go to school anymore.” The woman shook her head several times while stroking her chest and mentioning God’s name.

“That’s why she cried and called *bapak* in that park. What made her like this?”

The woman sat down on the floor and was followed by Iris. She started to tell Iris.

“She quits school as her father died on the demolition tragedy few months ago. Her father always dropped her off and picked her up from school by *Honda Pitung*<sup>8</sup>. Ajeng often came to me and cried when she saw a little girl played with her father. She was so close to her father.”

“What happened to her father?” Iris kept her eyes on that woman, trying to get the point.

“That morning in our slum, the uniformed apparatus intimidated the people who tried to fight when the excavators began to destroy our houses. A banner was written *tolak gusuran*<sup>9</sup> in one of wooden board on the side road couldn’t prevent the demolition. The men tried to battle by throwing the apparatus with rocks and shouting *kampung ini nyawa kami*<sup>10</sup>. The women screamed powerless to see the dwelling destroyed and the children cried in fear. It took casualties.” Her black eyes which had lost their sparkle stared at nothing when she tried to remember the tragedy. Hollow and dejected.

“What’s next, *Bu*<sup>11</sup>?” said Iris scrutinized the story.

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<sup>7</sup> *Ndableg* refers to stubborn. It is usually told to people who are difficult to give advice.

<sup>8</sup> *Honda Pitung* is a Honda C70 motorbike brand. *Pitung* is taken from the Javanese language which means seventy. It is also because of the legendary Betawi hero, also named Pitung.

<sup>9</sup> *Tolak gusuran* refers to reject the demolition.

<sup>10</sup> *Kampung ini nyawa kami* means this village is our life.

<sup>11</sup> *Bu* is a call of respect for foreign old woman.

“At that time Ajeng’s father fainted when he tried to block the apparatus. The wail of patrol car and ambulance sirens interlocked, so chaotic. Her father died on the way to the hospital because of heart attack. He is a hero of our *kampung*,” the woman mentioned the name of the village.

Iris’ eyes widened when she heard the name of the place. It felt like as if her heart had been struck by lightning. Her tears began to flow.

“*Neng*, are you okay?” The old woman asked.

“Ah, ya, I’m just really touched, *Bu*. That must be hard for her,” while wiping her tears with a tissue. Iris thereupon hugged Ajeng tightly who sat quietly beside her.

While her curiosity peaked to the highest range, suddenly Iris’ phone was ringing. She fingered her bag and took her phone from it. She read something on the screen. It showed a miss-call from her friend whose messages had not been replied from half an hour ago.

Iris forgot that she had a plan to attend the discussion with her group. She decided to end her conversation with that woman and left the *rusunawa*.

\*\*\*  
1956

In the taxi, Iris remembered all those words uttered by that woman, especially when she mentioned the name of place. Her heart melted in sadness. *How lucky I am! I have never realized that.*

Iris tried to recall her memory. Tears accumulated in her eyes like the rainwater ready to drip from the dark clouds. All this time she was just busy with herself. Classes, shopping, parties, career, future and luxury. She had life that was more than enough, all was abundant. Her father never missed to fill her bank account, but he forgot to always be there for her.



While Ajeng, she suffered from losing the figure of her beloved father. Their life felt unjust, Iris had a father but like no one while Ajeng had no but still hoped to have a father.

It was as if a firecracker had burst in her head, spreading hundreds of painful sparks in the socket of her eyes. Iris still remembered the incident. It was the cause of the debate between her parents. Yes, her father was the person who was in charged behind the uniformed apparatus who destroyed the slum housing area where Ajeng used to live. She never imagined that she would meet one of the victims of the house flattening.

\*\*

“I’ll go and see you soon,” said a man out of the compartment.

“As soon as possible,” the spoiled voice responded him.

The conversation was end with an intimate hug.

When the man disappeared into darkness, “your new man, Siti?” asked a woman in a group near the stairs with a mocking tone.

Siti looked at her with her two hand was folded on her stomach.

“Don’t fuck with me. Mind your own bussiness!” Siti replied with a standard voice. “Ajeng, come in!” Siti called Ajeng who always playing outside while her mother had a guest. Then, she slammed the door.

The rumor about Siti had been spreading like wildfire. Like the smell of fermented shrimp, the rumor penetrated every compartment in the *rusunawa*. Now everyone who lived there knew that Siti had become a slut. She did not only sell herself at the red light district near the bus terminal, but had also started to secretly receive male guest in her compartment.

\*\*

“*Neng...*” with a blooming smile that woman got the guest in.

Iris replied a smile back to the woman. She put a parcel of fruit on the table near the mattress.

“Ajeng, this is for you,” Iris handed Ajeng some books.

Ajeng opened the book with full of illustrated in it. She was seemed smiling to see the content. She began to be familiar with Iris.

“No need to be busy, *Neng*.”

“Ah, it’s okay, *Bu*.” She continued, “I stopped at the fruit store at the roadside and right next to it, Iris spotted books were sold in lower prices than in the bookstore in general. So, I think I have to give Ajeng a present.”

“I’m Ipeh. We haven’t been acquainted, right?” Ipeh offered her wrinkled hand to Iris.

“I’m Iris, *Bu*. Is Ajeng’s mother not at home again?”

“She always goes out with different guys and leaves me alone at home,” a slightly high tone voice came out from Ajeng who had been silent.

“Her mother, Siti... she has been away for two days,” Ipeh sighed and her brows were furrowed showing an anxiety.

Ipeh was the one who truly concerned about Siti and Ajeng. They had been neighbors since they were at the slum. Past and now, their houses shared the same piece of wall. Ipeh kept giving her a supply of advice.

“I’m tired to tell her every day to stop doing her job.”

“Her job?” Iris tried to ensure the thought.

“Every evening she rode the latest bus to the outskirts of town, and at the break of dawn, she rode the earliest bus home. She stood at the roadside and waited for scoundrels. Even though she was grounded by *Satpol PP*<sup>12</sup> sometimes, she became more established in her line of work. Besides, she has a disease that can recur any time.”

“How could she still maintain her job on those risks?” Iris wiped her teardrop that wet her cheeks.

Seemingly, Ipeh was also sad about Siti’s state but she had managed to keep her sadness to herself. Even she did not show it to Iris. It was said that Ipeh supported Siti monthly by sharing her rice ration in several tin containers. Regardless of Siti’s condition right now, Ipeh had assumed her as her daughter.

*Tack, tack, tack.*

Suddenly, when they were engrossed in conversation, a sound of heels clicked on the tile. The person they were talking about came in the room with a startled face. A woman wore sexy dress with something sparkling on the chest that looked tacky. The lips left a leftover lipstick that had been messy. Her long hair was down.

“Who are you? What is your purpose?” Siti interrogated Iris.

“Siti!” Ipeh tried to clarify it but Siti cut it off.

“Khalisa, *Mpok*<sup>13</sup>!”

“I don’t care. She has a good intention,” Ipeh defended Iris.

“I’m Iris. I’m here just to visit Ajeng.” Iris answered Siti’s question with a sincere smile.

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<sup>12</sup> *Satpol PP* is kind of security police civil service.

<sup>13</sup> *Mpok* is a term in Betawi for calling an older sister or a woman whose age is older than the caller.

Although Iris had explained well and politely, Siti still rejected her. Siti took a glass of water and gulped the water and watched her from head to toe. Her pair of eyes looked as sharp as the eyes of the tigers. *Braak!* She put the glass roughly.

“Don’t pretend to care. You must be the messenger of the power people, right? What? Do you want to broadcast the lives of poor people in *rusunawa*? What’s aired is the things we say the good one? That’s already stale,” her right hand was on her waist, and the other one flicked her hair.

“No. No one told me to do that.”

“*Alahhh*<sup>14</sup>... They were who made my daughter like this,” she increased her voice.

“You’re wrong. She became like this because she lost your attention. I can help her, I’m studying Psychology,” Iris still kept explaining.

“I’m sick of it. Shut up and you better get...” Siti could not continue her words. She sat down on the chair. Apparently, her breath was just like in her throat and made a sound of wheezing.

“I think her asthma comes back, *Neng*. Could you please take the inhaler in a box near the television?” said Ipeh to Iris.

“*Ibu*<sup>15</sup>....” Ajeng approached Siti and shook her arm.

Iris agreed Ipeh’s words. A few moments later, after spraying the inhaler into her respiratory tract, she got better. Iris stole a chance to browsing some information about asthma. *She was out of breath and made a sound while breathing. Yes, I see her fingers and*

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<sup>14</sup> *Alahhh* is a term for ignoring the words.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibu* is a term for mother.

*lips turns blue. She gets an irregular heartbeat and a cold sweat. Those indicate an acute asthma?*

“It’s enough. You shouldn’t go out at night anymore. Think about your disease!” said Ipeh who sat beside Siti.

“That’s true, *Bu*. Asthma sufferer has to avoid cold air especially at night. And.....cigarette as well,” said Iris noticing an ashtray with cigarette ash in it.

“Listen that! You are not allowed to be tired and stressful like before,” Ipeh added.

She was simply nodded and said “yes” repeatedly.

\*\*\*

Siti had been reprimanded several times. Not only by Ipeh but once, a *rusunawa* security guard went to her compartment and gave her generous supply of advice. She was simply nodded and said “yes” repeatedly. Siti also served coffee to the security guard, wearing only a sarong, without any blouse. Her long hair was loose. According to the rumor, the security guard became speechless and left immediately.

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1956

*Creeeek!* The sound of a plywood door rubbed the floor. The door was opened wide from the outside, a sign of someone coming. Ajeng’s face was shining as she wished it was Iris. While she looked up to see that face, she was shocked by the arrival of someone who was familiar for her. It was her mother’s friend who sometimes visited their compartment.

The man walked back and forth around the square room looking for Siti that had not been home. Suddenly, those evil eyes turned to the little girl who had been sitting on the mattress. His look was like observing the innocent girl or the slightly dumb girl if seen from

his glasses. Like a snake chasing a prey in front of him, a man with moustache came closer to Ajeng.

The man made Ajeng opened her mouth. He kissed her with his tongue. Until she fell down as he pushed her in that mattress, Ajeng just bulged out her eyes. His tattooed hands lowered the knee-length skirt the girl wore and took off her pink underwear. That strapping body was over Ajeng and rubbed here and there. Ajeng's mouth was locked. Her tears were slowly down her cheeks. Her groaning was covered by a television that was left on without a viewer.

Siti entered the slightly opened door. She dropped plastic bags full of breakfast meals. That familiar jeans pant sprawled on the floor. Her hand clenched and her jaw hardened.

“Denis!!! *Biadab*<sup>16</sup>!” The vein on her forehead tightened.

“Khalisa, this is not like what you think,” Denis stood up and approached Siti.

The raging fire in her heart was burned her up with ignorance. Spontaneously, Siti grabbed a used bottle not far from her and hit Denis' head. The blood flowed from his head and he collapsed to the floor. The chaos made Siti stay overnight at the police station for interrogation.

\*\*

Siti explained the grim incident that happened to Ajeng at the police station. There was no sentence without tears. Her thought was like threads unravel. As the clock kept walking, the interrogation went well. Siti was allowed to go home because she was found not guilty. The act of hitting was one way of self-protection from the dangers that threaten her at

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<sup>16</sup> *Biadab* is an act of savagely cruel.



that time. And, Denis, he should be responsible for his actions after being discharged from the hospital.

“What happened?” Iris suddenly appeared in the interrogation room with unstable breath.

Hearing the voice of someone Ajeng missed her presence, she turned from her seat. Rapidly, she ran towards Iris. Ajeng hugged her so tightly accompanied by the cry signaled a dark incident she suffered from.

“*Kakak*<sup>17</sup>...”

“Ajeng, it’s okay. I’m here for you,” said Iris with more closely warm hug.

“It’s my mistakes. I don’t listen to you to quit from this world.” The regretful eyes of Siti stared at Iris. Her tears flowed heavier from the corner of her eyes and nostrils.

Iris just nodded her head and grabbed Siti’s hand to calm her.

“How could you get here?”

“*Bu Ipeh*,” answered Iris.

\*\*\*

It was a bright afternoon. The birds were singing in melody. They are so cheerful, just like Ajeng who was happy because Iris took her around.

“I have a surprise for you.” Iris opened the conversation while they were on the way.

“What is it? Where are we going?” Ajeng seemingly excited about it.

“You’ll know it.”

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<sup>17</sup> *Kakak* is a call for older sister.

Day by day, Ajeng's mental health began to improve over time. Iris made her forget the incident by taking her to a new place and introducing her new things. She taught the knowledge she was supposed to get. She began to be able to talk normally as a child in general.

“Do you remember about kangaroos from the books I brought to you?” Iris ensured.

“Of course!” said Ajeng eagerly.

“We’ll go to meet them.” Iris’ eyes were wider.

“Really? Are we going to the zoo?” Ajeng asked her curiously.

Touching down there, they chose to enjoy at the baby zoo. It was just separated by a glass to clearly see the different types of baby animals. Just like little tiger was lying on a seat. A keeper was busy keeping everyone safe for taking photo beside the tiger. Orangutans were hanging by the trees looking for food that was deliberately placed in branches.

They walked down the dark alley that leaded them to another part of the zoo. They came up to the aquarium that full of fish. However, there was something oddity. They noticed a turtle in a flock of fish.

“Ajeng, can you see the turtle over there?” Iris pointed her finger to the turtle.

“I find it. But, why is it alone? It will be eaten by the piranha,” said Ajeng plainly.

“No, it wouldn’t. The shell is so damn tough. The harder and heavier the load, the stronger it holds up from the predators.”

Getting out of that dark aquarium, they were greeted by kangaroos. The kangaroos were left uncaged because they were friendly to human.

“Here what you want to see, Ajeng!”

“Ya, it’s really cute. Taking the child everywhere.” Ajeng saw the kangaroos with astonishment.

“Do you want to know something?” Iris threw a question.

“Tell me, *Kak!*”

“The child lives about 8 months on the momma’s pocket. It is safe and protected from all dangers. No matter how heavy it is, the mother takes and nurses the child in her pocket. That is a mother's love for her child.”

Ajeng felt something deep inside her pure heart.

“A mother will always love her children, right?” Her feelings came out into words.

Iris nodded her head. She was smiling as her implied message was delivered to Ajeng.

“Today is *Ibu*’s birthday. Usually *Bapak* gave her something, but now...”

“What do you want to give to her?” Iris asked her.

“I don’t know. I have nothing,” said Ajeng.

“Let’s buy a gift for your mother, Ajeng!” Iris cut Ajeng’s words off.

Iris drove her to the zoo accessories store in the corner of the street. There were various kinds of knick-knack. Books, school equipment, ornaments and wall hanging were available in it. While looking around, Iris captured Ajeng’s eye to one thing. She turned her eyes to the same object as well. She approached her.

“What do you think, *Kak?*” Ajeng asked for an opinion to Iris.

“This is perfect, Ajeng. It will make your mother happy and always remember you,” Iris replied.

They continued walking toward the transport pickup that would take them home. Heavy rains that flushed the zoo area since four o'clock just stopped by leaving a chilly air that bit up the bones. The clouds were still clinging faithful to the sky, blocking the appearance of constellations and full moon.

The clockwise on the roadside made a straight vertical line. They must immediately arrive at Ajeng's compartment. Wet city streets were getting stuck. Riding home that should be taken an hour could be delayed up to two hours.

They arrived at the modest flat.

“Happy birthday, *Bu*.” Ajeng immediately embraced Siti Khalisa.

“Thank you, *Neng*,” Siti kissed her cheek.

“This is from Ajeng, *Bu*,” Iris gave a present to her.

“What is it?” Siti wondered.

“Just open it and you will find it out,” said Iris smiling.

Siti unwrapped the colorful gift wrap with a ribbon that stretched half-diagonally across it. What inside was a wall hanging with the image of the mother kangaroo with her child in the pocket. There was also a quote in the picture that said *there is nothing greater than mother's love*. Siti's cheeks was instantly flooded with tears that came down from her eye bags which followed by a tight hug aimed to Ajeng.

“I love kangaroo because they love their child. This is *Ibu*, and this is me. Ajeng will always love *Ibu*,” said Ajeng pointing to the wall hanging.

“Thank you, *Neng*. I love you the most. You are the only love of my life,” Siti sobbed.

Iris was touched by the atmosphere of emotion at that time. Her feeling came out with a smile in her face.

“You make me miss your father. You look exactly like him. He used to surprise me a gift.” Siti was reminded about her husband.

“I just continue what *Bapak* always did.” Ajeng replied.

“*Neng*, I was wrong all this time. Sorry for never paying attention to your health. I just think about how to feed you. I was totally wrong and sorry,” Siti regretted her deeds.

Ajeng nodded her head and smiled.

“Now, let’s start a new chapter,” Iris persuaded Siti.

“Ya, you’re right,” Siti replied.

“Okay, how if we start with Ajeng going back to school?” Iris suggested.

Siti agreed Iris’ words by signaling a nodding head.

“And then, what *Bu* Siti wants to do now?” Iris asked.

“I think I want to open a small business,” answered Siti.

“What kind of business?” Iris continued the conversation.

“I want to continue her father’s business, together with *Mpok Ipeh*. *Sembako*<sup>18</sup> stall in the corner of this floor. It won’t make me far from Ajeng, so that I could watch her closely. But...”

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<sup>18</sup> *Sembako* stands for the nine necessities for daily living.

“What then, *Bu*?” Iris wondered what made Siti doubt.

“How could it be? I have no money. That must need lots of money,” Siti explained.

“Don’t worry, *Bu*. I could help.” Iris simply replied.

Siti couldn’t blink her eyes at Iris. How it was possible, a stranger suddenly came to her family and was willing to help her even in her state of collapse. Siti was touched with the act of Iris. She hugged her tightly and said a massive thank you to her sincerely.

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It was the first day of the week. For some people, it was the day to start reaching their dreams, and for some others it was the day to open a new gate of sustenance. Ajeng ran towards the elevator in a hurry. The white-red uniform she had left for about two years still suited to her body. The elevator door opened and there were children in uniform waiting for a yellow vehicle that would take them for education. That was the first day for Ajeng.

Iris stared at her clock with her mouth mumbling. Many students sat and walked back and forth in front of the closed magazine. They felt hot even though the clouds huddled together and ready to spew their droplets of water. They waited for a piece of paper with the name and identity number on the top of it was returned. That would determine the major that suited their ability. Finally, Iris got hers.

From the elevator door of *rusunawa*, it was seen Siti transacting with a buyer accompanied by Ipeh at her stall.

“Woah, do it sell well today, *Bu*?” an unexpected voice was heard.



“*Alhamdulillah*<sup>19</sup>...” Siti looked toward the voice and smiled while capturing the figure.

“Where have you been, *Neng*?” Ipeh asked.

“I got lot of tests in campus, *Bu*.”

“*Bu* Siti, have you recovered your asthma? Don’t forget to take the medicines so it won’t come back.”

“As long as you are here I don’t need medicine anymore.” Those two hands opened and pointed to Iris.

Iris and Ipeh frowned together and were followed by the stretching hands of Siti that ready to catch Iris.

“Thank you so much, Iris. You have supported me from my low condition. You truly save my life,” Siti hugged Iris warmly.

Iris just smiled and received the hug.

“You are so generous. You must come from a generous family,” praised Siti to Iris.

*No actually not. I wish what I did to them could pay what had happened in the past.*

Now, Ajeng slowly got out of her depression zone because of losing her father and got less care from her mother. Siti stopped doing her job, the job that made Ajeng neglected and caused herself suffered from asthma. Iris had an experience on handling a depressed people. It was an achievement in her study. She used to be underestimated by the lecturer because of her standard grade, but now she had passed the test in choosing the majors she

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<sup>19</sup> *Alhamdulillah* means a praise to God for Muslims.

wanted to. God sent Iris to help Ajeng and Siti erasing the bitter incident in the past. They are the three figures of real fighters.

“*Kak* Iris.” A called from a uniformed girl was heard from the opposite direction.

Iris just waved her hand without changing her position.

“*Nek*<sup>20</sup>, why they keep hugging?” Asked Ajeng to Ipeh.

“Your mother is being healed.”

Iris, Siti and Ipeh were laughing together while Ajeng was confused about what was going on.

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<sup>20</sup> *Nek* comes from *Nenek* which means grandmother.

## REFLECTIVE PAPER

The whole writing is the result of a series of knowledge I get from reading, watching, to understanding the surroundings. This lack of knowledge is added with a little bit of research that I did before in order to produce not such a simple piece of writing. The story is written as reasonable as possible so that the reader can imagine the real sequence of grooves in it. This story comes from a reflection of the reality that human beings may experience. Humans cannot choose their destiny what they want. However, humans can choose to change their way of life by trying hard. The role of people around is also very important in our lives. There are those who can make us crumble to pieces and those who help us get out of trouble. There are two classes of social status in society, those who are powerful and those who are weak. Weak people are always marginalized by those who have a power because of several factors such as economy, politics and religion. This kind of action is very clearly reflected in big cities like Jakarta.

The capital city is a mirror of a country. There are so many magnificent skyscrapers and how the workers can get money easily inside. It's different if we see from the other side of this magnificent capital city. In recent years, there have been many cases of forced displacement experienced by people in Jakarta's outskirts. A slight short story that I read in the newspaper about eviction victims in Jakarta inspired me to reveal a little more about their lives in my story. The video that I found on the YouTube "Jakarta Unfair" really helps me to know the description of the victims before and after the tragedy.

### **Marginalization in society**

Marginalization often happens in the society. It is a condition which is a group or individual is denied to get economic, politic and religious positions in any society. "To be marginalized, ..., is to be distanced from power and resources that enable self-determination in economic, political, and social settings...It is an inherent characteristic of 'those in the margin', that they have poor access to economical and other recourses like education and social services, meanwhile participation and self determination are on a low level. However, definitions of what is regarded as marginalised are highly depending on the historical and socio-economical context of a society." (Daniel, Fletcher, Linder, 2002). Based on those

perspectives, this story observes the situation of demolition in Jakarta as one of the marginalization acts.

Eviction (removal of a community off one place) often takes place in Indonesia, especially in big cities, such as Jakarta. We often hear and read the information about evictions in Jakarta both from printed and broadcasting media. The reasons of removing the community usually relates to urban planning. The authority tends to force the inhabitants to move to other places. Flattening has far-reaching consequences such as causing homelessness, loss of security, isolation from the communities and the families who used to live in those particular areas. Other problems arise are loss of rights to social security, loss of identity, loss of access to health, loss of children's right to education due to the high cost of moving house, economic losses, metrics as well as psychological losses of deep trauma. In fact, in some cases leads to the loss of life. Based on those issues, the story that is going to be written deals with the struggle of marginalized women which consist of a mother and a daughter. The impact of eviction makes them marginalized from the society.

### **The depiction of the situation of the story**

The story portrays how woman is treated marginalized. The character is a little girl named Ajeng who got a deep trauma because of the demolition and her mother, Siti, became a prostitute since that tragedy killed her husband. At first, they got marginalized from the side of their economic state. They are just lower people who do not have a power to fight against the power people when their house was demolished. Another reason is Siti's job. Woman herself in our society is still being underestimated, indeed, her job as prostitute will make Siti marginalized in society. This also can be seen from how her boyfriend, Denis harasses Ajeng while she is gone.









A student majored in Psychological Studies, Iris, comes to their life. She is a higher class that changes something very meaningful to Siti and Ajeng. At first, Siti question her intention. She may a messenger of power people to find out lower people's life. Iris has a sincere heart to help them. She really supports Ajeng to recover from her trauma. She also empowers Siti to get out of those troubles attacking her life. Due to the appearance of Iris, Siti and Ajeng's lives have improved.

## Conclusion




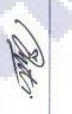

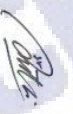

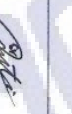
My writing shows how marginalized woman and her daughter struggles their life in society. On the other hand, an upper class young woman tries to empower her by getting her out of a deep ravine. Human is a social being who needs someone always have our back. A heart is just like a rock. No matter how hard the rock, it will be fragile by raindrops that continue to drip. At the end, people who want to change will get a better life.



# LOGBOOK CONSULTATION

Date	Activities	Progress	Problem	Advisor's Suggestion	Advisor's Signature	Student's Signature
May 20, 2018	Writing the whole story (10 pages)		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Many conversation (dialogues) are confusing because it is not clear between who and who.</li> <li>The application of theory is not yet intertwined in the plot.</li> </ul>	The story is too fast. Make it more challenging.		
May 24, 2018	Continuing writing the story (12 pages)	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Adding who says in each dialogues.</li> <li>Bringing up the theory in the story.</li> </ul>	The description is still telling.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Make the description showing.</li> <li>Read more references about child abuse.</li> <li>Make another problem happens to the character, so that the theory and the ending will be clear.</li> </ul>		
June 7, 2018	Continuing writing the story (16 pages)	The description is well written.	The flashback is flat.	Polish your story with personification, metaphor and simile here and there.		
June 23, 2018	Continuing writing the story (19 pages)	Adding more events to the story	The abuse should be more detail so that the reader would get the point	Add a quotation of wise word that is experienced by the main character.		



July 2, 2018	Revising the story	Adding quotation and figure of speech in the story.	Think about the title.	Give footnotes in each strange languages.		
July 12, 2018	Revising the story	The footnotes are well written.	The title is not appropriate.	Put additional dialogues to make the story vivid.		
July 23, 2018	Revising the story	Getting a proper title.	Some word choices and prepositions are wrong.	Add more elements of literary devices and poetic sentences to complete your story.		
July 31, 2018	Scrapping off the previous problems (20 pages)	Correcting some wrong word choices and preposition.				

## REFERENCES

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<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wCjbxuXv92U&t=1s>

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[http://www.drugsandalcohol.ie/11927/1/Correlation\\_marginalisation\\_web.pdf](http://www.drugsandalcohol.ie/11927/1/Correlation_marginalisation_web.pdf)

